

# Hannnah and the *Masters*

By JJ Argus



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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

*This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.*

I don't think I'm really much different from any other girl my age when it comes to sex and sexuality. I live in an environment in which the focus point of life for teenage girls is being attractive, being hot and sexy.

That same environment says any teenage girl who actually does anything sexual is a slut and a whore. Everyone wants to see her naked, but if she lets them they'll mock, jeer and ridicule her with heartless and relentless disdain.

The exception to that is if you have a regular boyfriend and are in love. Aside from that your job is to bask in the adoration and lust and desire of all the guys around you but act pretty much like a nun. Well, a nun who gives blow jobs.

Because blow jobs aren't really sex, you see.

This can be... confusing, at times, to say the least. It's a narrow balancing act of trying to look hot without looking like you're trying to look hot, of showing off your body without going too far or displaying too much.

You don't want to be seen as a prude, so you have to do some things, let the guys do some things, but you have to be careful about how far you go or the same guys who say such nice things to you to get their hands on your body will be telling their friends what a slut you are the next day at school.

Guys have no restraint and no self-control, will say anything to get you to let them do what they want, and if you show much eagerness in response will then turn around and think you're slutty. Looking like I do, I've had experience with that kind of shit.

And I did NOT want more.

Oh, don't get me wrong, I had a very, very strong interest in sex, even a fascination. I wanted to know what it was like, what it felt like, and I had a lot of wild, sexual fantasies, some of them pretty nasty. I got turned on fairly easily, and I really would have loved to have an outlet for that hunger and lust.

But not at the cost of everyone sneering at me everywhere I went.

I experimented alone, then. I was the only one I could trust not to laugh at me or

mock me or tell the girls and guys at school about what I had said or how I had reacted. That included using money I got from birthdays and babysitting to buy a dildo.

OMG, the first time I went to the rental box to get it I was gripped by this tremendous sense of anticipation, one that felt like I had an electrical charge inside my body. I grabbed it as casually as could be, shoved it into my over sized shoulder bag, and headed home from school.

My brother was at football practice and my parents were working, so I eagerly ran to my bedroom, locked the door, and tore open the package, to stare, open-mouthed at this big... cock! I mean, it's not like I hadn't seen cocks in my day. I had become better and better at oral sex, after all. So I know what a guy's stiff cock looked like.

But this was mine! And it didn't have to just go in my mouth and deflate! It could go inside me!

I had misjudged the size, though, and was a little wary of it. It was thicker and longer than I had expected. Thicker and longer than any guy I'd seen in person yet. Certainly it was thicker and longer than my fingers and the handle of my hair brush, which was what I had been using up until then.

Of course, I had to try it out immediately, getting some baby oil for lubrication, and then enjoying myself with the big cock through multiple orgasms, each of which left me gasping and moaning and my body trembling.

It had felt soooo much better than anything I had ever tried! The size stretched me wonderfully, making me ache in this deliciously sensual way! I had loved the feel of the big dildo up inside me. I had practically swooned as I'd ridden up and down on it!

Using the dildo both satisfied me, giving me more resistance to guys trying to get into my pants, and also made me want to feel a real one inside me even more. If my parents hadn't had money and hadn't sent me to this fairly small, private school, I might have been more willing to try.

As it was, my school was small enough that everyone knew everyone's sexual business. Also, the guys, being mostly well-off, were pretty cocky and smug. And the better looking they were, the more likely they were to be arrogant

assholes and to tell all their buddies about the hot girls they'd gotten into bed, and all about what had happened.

In fact, a lot of them lied their asses off about it, even if you didn't sleep with them. I'd had a couple of guys suggest to their friends they had fucked me, even though I'd only given them blow jobs. Lying bastards. It was like they were all in this desperate competition and the guy who fucked the most hot girls won.

Well, I had no intention of being on someone's score list.

All of this is just background for what happened to get me that experience I was really, really hoping to get, but without any danger of word getting around about what a slut I was.

My friend Claire was, like me, from a fairly well-off family. But while I lived in a condo she lived in a separate house with a big back yard and a pool.

Anyway, we were hanging around her pool one day and she mentioned that her family was going to the Caribbean for a holiday. To St. Lucia. Claire was this very intensely intellectual redhead with a slender body and long hair, cut right in the middle of her forehead to spill to either side of her face like it was drawn in place.

She used a lot of hair spray.

But she had these bright green eyes and was always studying. She was smart and reliable and didn't do stupid stuff, nor get all fluttery about things like guys and fashion and Hollywood. She wore a black swimsuit, like me, except while we both had triangular string tops her bottom was low riding but cut straight across her hips. Mine was smaller, with two thin straps cutting up diagonally over my hips.

Not that the suits really mattered since we were alone and just hanging out, playing in the pool, and sometimes tossing a beach ball back and forth.

“Isn't it kind of hot this time of year?” I said.

She shrugged. “Daddy says it's nice. And we're up on a hill overlooking the ocean on the side of the island that doesn't get as much rain, so he says it's less humid.”

“How long you gonna be gone?” I asked.

“A month.”

I felt a surge of disappointment. I didn't have a ton of friends because I was a little... off. I mean, I didn't consider myself off, but some girls did. I didn't share their obsession with guys, makeup, fashion and Hollywood, for one thing. I also tended to have kind of a sarcastic attitude. Some guys thought I was snotty and a snob.

Which I suppose I was, in a way. I mean, I did think I was superior – to them. That didn't mean I didn't keep trying, and sometimes accepted dates if the guy seemed more – mature – than usual. But dating was always a difficult experience since they kept whining and begging for more than I was willing to give them.

“Why don't you come with us?”

I stared at her. “I couldn't do that!” I exclaimed, immediately wondering how I could do that.

“Why not? The flight doesn't cost much, and the rest would be free. You can stay in my room.”

“Well... but – .”

I didn't come up with any really good reason why I couldn't. But while me and Claire were pretty good friends we weren't really, really tight, you know, like the kind of friend you're supposed to go off for a month together with.

Of course, maybe after a month together we would be!

“Come on, it'll be fun!” she said, showing more enthusiasm for the idea.

“Otherwise I'll be stuck with my stupid brothers and probably be bored out of my skull.”

“What do you do on St. Lucia except swim?” I asked.

“I bet there's tons to do.”

She got up and went inside and came out with an Ipad and then threw herself

down on the grass just inside the shade as I joined her, kneeling next to her. She googled it and then brought up a bunch of pictures. I dropped forward onto my elbows, staring at the Ipad as we looked through them, talking about the markets and the beaches and the gorgeous hilltops.

“You girls having fun?”

The voice behind me was a familiar one. It was her dad. But Claire had said he wouldn't be home for hours and I was in a thong. Not only was I in a thong I was on my knees and elbows, with my bare butt in the air pointed right at him!

Of course the awareness of that hit me with a jolt and I jerked upright and quickly squirmed around so I was facing him, feeling the heat rushing to my face.

“Hi, Daddy!” Claire said, turning her head. “We're looking at St. Lucia.”

“Well, you can look at it in person soon,” he said.

I was still blushing, not used to, well, you know, showing off my bare butt like that to a guy! Even an old guy!

Although, to be fair, he didn't look old. I mean, my dad is a normal dad. He's like in his late forties, and a bit plump and his hair is thinning. Mr. Masters was ... big and muscly!. And he looked even bigger and more muscly in the swimsuit he was wearing!

He and his wife had had Claire and her brothers when they were pretty young, not even twenty, so he was younger than my dad. But he was also just... big! I mean, he had really broad shoulders and a thick, muscled chest, washboard stomach and long, tanned legs.

He had really short hair, but it gave him a stern, tough guy kind of look to go with his handsome, square-jawed face

Which meant that even though he was an old guy and Claire's dad, a part of me didn't really think of him as a dad, but as a guy. I don't mean I had the hots for him or anything, but I did... appreciate just how hot he looked.

For an old guy.

I mean, his chest was twice as thick as Jason's, the last guy I'd dated!

Claire got up as her dad sat down and then went into this little-girl mode which I recognized as an exaggerated version of the one I used on my own dad.

“Daddeeeeee,” she said, literally climbing into his lap and sliding her arms over his shoulders, “Wouldn't it be neat if Hannah could come with us to St. Lucia.”

I didn't judge her badly for it, of course. I mean, all was fair when dealing with parents. My father wouldn't have let me get away with it for a second, though. He was way more resistant to that sort of thing.

Mr. Masters looked at me and while there was nothing in that look that ... necessarily said he was looking at me like a girl, I had this strange little breathless sense, like he was. I mean, the bikini was small and black and went well with my blonde hair. And I had the same slim body Claire did, except my breasts were bigger and I was taller, with longer legs.

“If your parents don't mind, Hannah, we'd love to have you. It's a big place with lots of room.”

“Uhm, well, I don't know. I mean, I haven't asked them or anything,” I said.

“But would you like to come?”

“Oh yeah!”

“Well, I can talk to your dad about it. I think foreign travel is educational, and it'll be better than you just hanging around here all summer.”

Getting a job was not something I had any enthusiasm for, and luckily, since my parents had money, I didn't have to. Some parents are like, on this responsibility kick, and make you earn everything you spend, and do all kinds of chores and shit like that. My parents were the better kind. They had money, and they liked spending it on me!

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The airport in St. Lucia was cute and tiny! It was like the size of a mini mall! But from there we got into a pair of old fashioned taxis and drove out of the

small city and up through the woods and into the hills. It really was gorgeous, or I thought it was anyway, up until we got to the cottage.

Cottage? Ha!

We were driving along this narrow two lane road, and then we turn into a driveway where there's a big steel gate. Mr. Masters made a call on his cell phone and the gates moved aside so we could drive through.

Not far behind it was a big white house with a bright blue roof. We all got out of the taxis as this black guy came out of the house and shook hands with Mr. Masters. He was like, a servant of some kind, I figured.

“All right, everyone unload the cars,” Mr. Masters ordered.

Me and Claire started grabbing our suitcases, as did her brothers, the twins Hunter and Cody. They were both football player types – jocks, which neither Claire nor I thought much of. They took after their father in looks, while Claire looked like her mom.

Her mom was the most impressive person in that family. She was tall, sleek, incredibly sophisticated and confident, and I hoped I would turn out to be like her.. She and her husband seemed very nice with me and with Claire, but when either of them said to do something Claire or her brothers did it.

Which, to be honest, was not exactly how it worked at my house.

But that was okay. House rules, right? So when I was at Claire's place, if one of them said something, I did it too. Well, you have to, right? I mean, you can whine to your own mom and say “I'll get it laaater!” to your own dad, but not to other people's parents.

So we lugged our suitcases into the house. Inside it was really nice, very modern, with high ceilings, and tons of light coming in from out front. The whole front was like a big glass wall, and what a view!

“Oh man!” I said, dropping my suitcases.

Claire dropped hers, too, and we wandered through the house to the back, pushed through one of the big, sliding doors and out to stare in wonder at the

view! We were on the side of a high hill, and there was another one off to our left, and another, like on a big island out in the ocean in front of us!

The blue green water of the ocean was in front of us and all around, and there was a big infinity pool which looked out on it. In fact, the side of the infinity pool looked like it was glass or plastic!

“Imagine if that breaks while you're in the pool,” one of the twins said, coming out behind us.

I didn't want to imagine that! You'd be poured over the side and down hundreds of feet to the rocks below!

“What a view!” Claire gasped, staring around.

It was breathtaking! I was staring around, open mouthed, and then I felt a touch at my bottom, a slightly familiar touch, fingers sliding into my back pocket. That sent a jolt of warning to my mind because I'd felt that before – and right in front of the Masters pool, too!

I squealed and tried to grab at his hand as it slipped my Iphone out of my pocket, but the next instant his other hand was shoving me into the fucking pool!

Claire went in right behind me and the two idiots laughed in delight, then went back inside.

That left us to climb out of the pool, glaring at the glass wall of the house and trying to wring out our hair.

“God, boys are so stupid!” Claire muttered.

“Your brothers are not boys they're men, and still stupid!”

“They're supposed to be men! I can't believe those two idiots are allowed to vote!”

We were both annoyed, but at the same time, we'd been hot since the cars had no air conditioning (who ever heard of a car without AC!?) so it wasn't that bad. I was wearing shorts and a tank top, while Claire was in shorts and a halter. Our clothes were plastered against our bodies as we went back inside, but neither of

us really thought much about that.

We went inside, yelled at the guys, got our phones back, and went upstairs with our bags to her room. At least it looked out on the pool and ocean. The view was even more incredible! And there was even a small balcony you could go out on through a sliding door. We stepped outside, looking down, and discussing whether we could jump straight into the pool from there.

“I wouldn't try it,” she said dubiously, but then Claire wasn't much of an experimenter.

Claire quickly grabbed some clothes and went into the bathroom. I wrung my hair again, then stripped off and decided I'd put on my bikini – the one with a bottom – under another pair of shorts and a halter.

I had gotten the bottom on and was untangling the strings of the top when the door opened and one of the twins appeared.

“Hey,” he said.

I squealed and turned away from him, clamping my arms over my breasts!

“Nice boobs!” he said with a laugh.

“Get out!”

“Mom says you girls should come downstairs and help set up the kitchen,” he said with a laugh.

“Asshole!”

“You didn't hear me knock? I was knocking!”

Claire appeared, wearing another pair of shorts and a t-shirt, and shoved him out before slamming the door and locking it.

“God, what an asshole,” she said.

I was blushing hotly as I quickly put my bikini top on.

“I don't usually need to lock my door at home,” she said. “But I don't usually

have blonde hotties staying over.”

I glared at the door as I adjusted my breasts in the cups of the bra.

“Pervert,” I growled.

“All guys are perverts, Hannah. You hadn't figured that out yet? And they're obsessed with blondes.”

“They're not all obsessed with blondes,” I said in annoyance.

Though to be honest it sometimes seemed like they were. I'd actually considered dying my hair some other color because of the way certain guys stared at me whenever I went outside. I mean, yes, Claire was right, I was a 'hottie', at least by the way everyone acted and talked to me.

Being blonde on top of that seemed to mean, to some guys, that I was like, some kind of sex maniac or something. Claire's brothers had, of course, looked at me before, and made remarks before, but they had very active lives with football, hockey, baseball and every other kind of sport, and then dating all the time. So I didn't see them all that often.

“Dry your hair and I'll go down to the kitchen and tell mom you'll be down in a couple of minutes.”

Thankfully, there were towels and a hair dryer, and I found my favorite brush and comb and quickly dried my hair.

I used to have hair that came almost to my belt. But I'd cut that so it was halfway down my back, and then last year had cut it shorter, though it was still pretty long, reaching my shoulder blades. I had long, full bangs in front that completely covered my forehead almost to my eyes, or in the case of one side, kind of went past my eye but didn't get in the way of my vision.

With my hair done as quickly as I could I went back into the bedroom, stepped into a pair of white cutoffs and tugged them up my legs, zipped them up, then pulled a midriff baring tank top over my head. It was kind of thin and had big arm holes and wasn't meant to be worn alone, but I had my bikini top underneath.

I was sure we'd be in the pool very soon!

It made me feel a little weird that one of the twins had seen my bare boobs. I mean, he was hardly the first guy who had seen them. But mostly, guys saw them in the dark, or near dark, or while we were together, kissing and making out. I couldn't remember ever actually being topless in a bright open area where some guy could stare at them.

It made me feel embarrassed – although I knew I had really nice looking breasts – and also kind of, well, not proud exactly, but kind of excited.

See, there's this other side to being a girl. Everyone says you're hot. All of society seems to be obsessed with how hot you are. Everyone is watching you. But you can't show them much, or you'll be a slut. But ... I kind of wanted to! I mean, I'm not saying I was that much of a show off, more than any other girl, but I was proud of my body!

Heck, everyone told me how incredible I looked, and how great my body was. Why wouldn't I be proud of it? And I knew I had great tits. I'd compared, and I knew it. But as a girl you're not allowed to show your body off like that.

But I hadn't. He'd stolen a peek, so I couldn't be blamed or anything. And now he'd seen just how nice my boobs were. And he would surely tell his brother. I wondered if they'd be trying to see more, or even do more. There was no way I could do anything with Claire's brothers, of course. She'd never forgive me. Plus they were big, dumb jocks.

Even if they didn't go to our school any more. They were in college.

But I was still embarrassed when I came downstairs. There was no sign of Cody or Hunter, though.

“Mom sent them to clean the garage and to help dad clean the car that comes with the rental,” Claire said. “For being assholes.”

Her mother promptly slapped her bottom sharply and Claire yelped and rubbed her ass, glaring at her.

“Watch your language, child,” her mother said.

“I'm not a child!”

We had to wash all the dishes because her mother didn't trust the last people who had rented the place, and scrub down the counters, too.

“This place doesn't come with servants?” I asked.

“There's Manuel, but I don't trust any man to properly clean anything,” Mrs. Masters said.

“I resemble that remark,” Mr. Masters said, coming into the kitchen.

“You definitely do,” his wife replied dryly.

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After settling in we finally got to go out and jump in the pool for real. It was a little bit nerve wracking, especially approaching the other side, which was a plastic wall right on the edge of the cliff! Me and Claire put our arms over it and looked down, shuddering.

“Wow, we're high up!” I said.

“But it's so freaking gorgeous,” she said, looking around.

That it was. Then Hunter and Cody came out and did barrel jumps into the pool, splashing us. And the next thing I knew I was being picked up and thrown into the air, to land with another splash. Claire landed not far away.

I was a little annoyed, but... well, they were big, strong, handsome guys, and all they were wearing was little swimsuits, and despite my earlier embarrassment I was feeling oddly playful – in a sexual way, enjoying they way they looked at me and flirted with me.

Soon me and Claire were climbing up their bodies and then sitting on their shoulders to wrestle, then even trying to stand on their shoulders, to land with big splashes. And the guys, despite how they looked at me, didn't try to touch me where they weren't supposed to.

I was a little disappointing with that, in a way. It was kind of neat having two

big, handsome guys lusting over me and all I was wearing was a little bikini. It was... fun! And it was kind of exciting too, even if they were just Claire's brothers. And whenever my body pressed against one of theirs I felt this hot little rush of excitement inside!

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After a long, exciting day, we finally went up stairs to bed. We had spent most of the day in bikinis and it seemed a little odd, but very freeing to strip mine off. Claire pulled hers off, and then pulled back the covers of the big double bed on her side and got in.

That startled me, for some reason. I mean, well, I wasn't used to sleeping with someone in a bed, even her, though I had stayed over with her a couple of times. She'd certainly worn a nightie both times.

“Claire!” I exclaimed.

“What?”

“You're not going to sleep naked!”

“Why not?”

I stared at her and she laughed.

“God, Hannah, you've seen me naked enough, and this is a big bed.”

“Well, I know,” I said hesitantly. “but... “

I really didn't have a sensible reason why it was wrong. I mean, the truth was I tended to sleep naked at home myself. I'd worn pajamas whenever I slept at Claire's, though, or if she slept at my place.

“Oh well.”

I shrugged, both physically and mentally. We'd been wrestling and swimming and doing other stuff together for hours wearing the little suits. It wasn't like I felt very shy around her myself. So I got into bed naked too.

“Just don't try anything!” I said, giving her an exaggerated suspicious look as I wagged my finger at her.

She snorted. “You think everyone wants your body,” she said.

“Everyone DOES want my body,” I replied, pulling the sheet up over my breasts.

“Especially me,” she said, wagging her tongue at me. “Just wait until you're asleep! I'll grope you all night long!”

“Just so it doesn't wake me up,” I said. “I'm tired!”

I was tired, but I was also excited at being in a new country and my sleep was troubled by being in an unfamiliar bed – and not sleeping alone. I didn't want to toss and turn and wake up Claire, who seemed to have no trouble sleeping, so got gingerly out of bed, feeling restless.

Being naked in an unfamiliar place produced a strange sort of buzz, too, especially since I wasn't even alone in the room. I looked around for something to wear, but didn't see anything at hand, and then was distracted by the view.

I went to the window and looked out, shaking my head at how gorgeous it was! We were on the edge of a hill, and there was another, higher hill further inland, so the house itself, and much of the area around it was in shadow. But the ocean was bathed in moonlight!

That was when I had this urge, a fateful urge, as it turned out. I thought it would be so cool to go skinnydipping! If I could look down and see nothing but the faint outline of the pool, then nobody else looking out their windows could see any more, right!?

I thought about waking Claire to join me, but I doubted she'd go for it. So then I looked for something to wear, and the first thing I came upon was Claire's short dressing gown. It seemed enough, since everyone would be asleep and the house dark. I even considered going naked, but that was too daring even for me! What if I ran into one of her parents!?

I eased out into the hall, closing the door softly behind me, feeling very... daring, since I was naked with just the thin little dressing gown. And it was thin – and

short! Not too short, for it did the job, but given I had nothing underneath it made me feel deliciously wicked!

I crept down the darkened stairs, through the house, and out to one of the sliding back doors, eased it open, and slipped outside into the shadowy back yard. I could hear and smell the ocean, and the moon washed over the island across the bay. I eased slowly forward to the edge of the pool, then dipped my toes in the water a bit nervously before glancing up at the windows.

I reminded myself once again that it was quite dark here, and that with the moonlit ocean it would seem even harder to see anything, even in the unlikely chance anyone was awake upstairs and just happened to be looking out their windows and down at the yard.

Sort of working up my courage, you see. And I was starting to feel an even greater buzz of excitement at the thought of swimming naked. I wasn't aroused, exactly, but, well, kind of.

“Considering skinnydipping?” a male voice said from behind me.

I squealed and twisted wildly around to gape up at the face of one of Claire's brothers looking back at me.

It was, like I said, shadowy dark back there, but my eyes had started to adjust, and the light from the ocean was on his body – his naked body, as he faced me. Yes, he was completely naked, his skin glistening as if he'd just, well, been skinnydipping!

It was dark, though, which made his body very shadowed. I still blushed hotly, feeling a rush of embarrassment mixed with alarm.

“I-I didn't know anyone was back here!” I blurted.

I saw the outline of a smile. “Yeah, I guess.”

I jerked my eyes away. “You could put on some pants!” I gulped.

“Why? You don't like to look at naked guys?”

In fact, he looked awfully, awfully good naked! All that glistening tanned skin,

with the muscled chest nicely outlined by the shadows. I couldn't quite see his groin as clearly, but it looked uhm, well, gosh!

He stepped closer and I squeaked and shuffled back.

“I'll show you mine if you show me yours,” he said in amusement.

“No way!” I gulped. “Get away!”

“Get away where? This is our cottage and I'm in the back yard.”

He stepped forward again and I stepped back, putting my hand up to press against his very firm, warm, slick, muscled chest. I felt a rush of something powerful at that touch, and my body began to thrum with the kind of powerful sexual tension it had when I'd bought that first dildo!

“Cody!” I gulped.

“How do you know I'm Cody and not Hunter?” he asked smugly, stepping closer.

I stepped back and fell into the pool!

He laughed in amusement and I realized that this had been his intent. That made me annoyed, both with myself and with him as I came to the surface.

“Bastard!” I gasped, pushing the hair back from my face.

But he'd already climbed into the pool! And then he was right up against me as I gasped and tried to backpedal.

“I like blondes,” he said as his arms went around me.

“Cody!” I gulped.

The water was about up to my waist here, which was comforting, since it made him invisible below the waist.

“What?” he asked, pulling me in against his body.

I pressed my hands against his chest, heart thumping, and felt another rush of

sensation as I felt his slick warm skin against my own.

“Let me go!” I gulped, pulse racing.

“Why?”

His hands slid down onto my buttocks and squeezed them, pulling me in against him, and I could feel his erection now pressing against my abdomen!

“B-Because I'll tell your dad!” I squeaked.

“I mean why wouldn't you want to have a little fun?”

“Because... I'm not a slut!” I gasped.

“In college, girls aren't considered sluts for having fun,” he replied.

Then one of his hands slid up behind my neck and pulled my head forward and he kissed me! Hard!

I moaned and pushed against his chest as his lips moved against me, but for all he was so determined and strong and his lips were so forceful they were also sort of gentle, in a way, and I very quickly found that I was sort of falling into the kiss!

I mean, my mind was going a mile a minute trying to think of what to do, and it was getting a lot of hot signals of hunger from my body. The only conflicting ones, really, were a lot of anxiety and worry about what would happen if people found out!

On the one hand, it would be, like, a wonderful, romantic sexual adventure to make out in the Caribbean moonlight by the ocean with a gorgeous man! Also, he was a really good kisser! And he didn't go to my school, and he was in college, and... and... did I mention he was hot!?

I know I said I don't usually go for jocks, not as boyfriends, because, I mean, they were jocks! But for a sort of sexy sexual adventure? Well... there was so much lovely and muscled male flesh here, and right under my fingers, too!

And my hands, which were pressed against his bare chest, started to sort of move

around on their own as the feel of his body through my fingers made my heart pound even louder!

But I couldn't have him thinking I was a slut!

His hand was on my bare bottom, kneading and squeezing it and sliding up and down. Several times it tried to slide right down underneath to get at my pussy, and I kept my thighs tightly closed to prevent it!

His hand slid off my neck, then and up my front to cup one of my breasts through the thin dressing gown, and I felt another wild rush of heat – which made me panic a little. I dodged past him and grabbed the ladder, and started to rapidly pull myself up it, but then he caught me from behind by grabbing the cloth belt around my waist.

That tugged me back a little, but more importantly it pulled the belt back and untied it! That let the front of the dressing gown gape open, and I had to grab it to keep it from coming right off over my shoulders!

“Cody!” I gasped, yanking it free and stepping onto the deck.

“Yessss,” another voice asked.

Actually, it was the same voice, or at least, one that sounded exactly the same, because the person with that voice looked exactly the same. It was the other one, and he was suddenly standing right in front of me, and just as naked as the other one!

I gaped, and my face began to heat anew as the other one came out behind me, dripping wet, like I was.

“Did I interrupt something?” the new one asked in amusement – Cody, if he could be believed.

“No!”

“Yes!” Hunter said from behind me.

“I thought you and I always shared things,” Cody said, stepping in closer.

“C-Cody!” I gulped, backing away – into Hunter!

“Hannah, have I ever told you you're one of the hottest girls I know?” he asked.

“I – .”

And then he was kissing me, his body pressing against me so that my breasts were pressed against his soft warm skin. His brother, meanwhile, was pressed into me from behind! I could feel his erection between my buttocks!

“Y-You guys!” I gasped, pulse racing.

I felt the belt pulling back through the loops again behind me, and my hands dropped rapidly to grab it. Cody stepped back a step, grinning, and then opened my robe!

I squealed again, grabbing at it, or trying to, but Hunter let go of the belt and grabbed my wrists instead, pulling them back to my sides as he ground himself into my ass!

“You guys! You guys stop now!” I gulped, trying to make myself sound stern!

But here's the thing... I ... didn't really want them to stop! I was feeling this incredible rush of energy and excitement and anticipation and... and curiosity and ... and a whole bunch more! And the only thing that I really was worried about still was that they'd think I was a slut and tell their friends I was a slut and then people at school would find out, and... and Claire would find out!

Well, I doubted they'd tell Clair or their parents, but still...

Cody peeled the wet dressing gown open and looked down at me, and a wild rush of heat spread through my body! I was both embarrassed and wildly, darkly thrilled!

“Very nice,” he said in a slow, admiring voice.

“Y-You let me go this second or I'll tell your dad!” I gulped.

“You know we wouldn't do anything you wouldn't want, Hannah,” he said.

And then he kissed me again, as his brother held my wrists at my sides. Only this time his bare chest was pressing against my bare breasts! And I could now feel that he too was erect, for that was pressing in against my abdomen!

A roar of energy was sweeping through me, like a churning, whitewater river, and my heart was beating like a drum!

And then, he suddenly dropped to his knees! I was like, well, startled, to say the least, and then his big hands gripped my bare thighs and forced them apart and his mouth moved in against my sex!

Now, I had never had out and out sex with a guy, even though I was really, really curious to try it. I'd given lots of oral sex, and done a lot of hand jobs, and had guys hands all over my body, including between my legs, but nobody had actually licked me down there!

I gurgled helplessly, straining against both his grip on my thighs and his brother's grip on my wrists, a jolt of sensation sweeping up through my body as his tongue began to lick me! I felt a shocked sense of delight! I mean, this was another thing I had really, really wanted to try! But again, I hadn't wanted people to think I was a slut.

Only... since I had said no and his brother was, like, holding me, they couldn't really call me a slut, could they!?! It sort of felt like I was getting a free pass, in a way. Like I could experience what I had thought so much about so often without having to pay the price of people sneering at me and calling me names!

That's not to say I wasn't embarrassed too, and anxious, and my mind wasn't churning wildly with contrary emotions! But the more he licked me the more that rush of sensation took on a warmer, deeper, more powerful tone!

I gasped as his brother pulled the already open robe back over my shoulders, and off! I was naked! I was fucking naked! With two guys! Two naked guys! More embarrassment swept me but even more dark, thrilling sexual electricity crackled up my spine!

And then Hunter's body was pressed against my naked back, and he let go of my wrists so his hands could slip around my chest and cup my breasts! I gasped, my hands jerking up to grasp his wrists, but there was little I could do about them as I felt his hot breath on the nape of my neck, then his lips there!

And his brother was licking harder at my clitoris, his big hands holding my thighs apart as I shuddered and moaned and gasped, overwhelmed with all the emotions and sensations, with not knowing what to do or how to react!

The sexual pressure was becoming uncontrollable, and I was starting to feel shaky and trembly, gulping in air as Hunter chewed on the nape of my neck and sucked, and his fingers kneaded my my swollen, overheated breasts and his brother licked my clitoris!

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Please!” I moaned.

My legs were turning to rubber, and my hips were starting to grind helplessly against Cody's mouth even as his brother ground his erection against my bare buttocks!. And then his hands closed on my thighs and kind of pushed them back as he spread them wider. That should have made me fall over, but his brother's hands were still on my breasts!

I did tilt forward, though, and then down, as the two of them lowered me to my knees. Then Cody, the one in front, rose upright on his knees and slid his hand up behind my head to bend me forward, which caused me to fall to all fours.

And right in front of me was his big, erect cock!

I was panting and gulping in air, and gasped and squeaked at the tight pull on my hair, and then he just shoved his big cock right into my open mouth!

Well, that was no cause for panic. In fact, it was something familiar, and weirdly comforting. I mean, I knew how to do this, and I started to suck. But then I felt hands on my thighs, spreading them apart, and then something else rubbing up and down against my sex!

I felt a shock of disbelief ripple through me! I tried to pull off Cody's cock, but his big hand was on my head, in my hair, and he was pushing forward. Then I felt a pressure against my sex, a pressure familiar to me from using my dildo!

I moaned around Cody's cock, and then felt a wild flare of heat as Hunter's cock slowly forced the lips of my sex apart and then pushed into my body!

This was so... so nasty, so wicked, so wild, so ... shocking and thrilling!

And then I felt hands on my wrists, pulling them back along my hips as Cody combed my hair up and wrapped it around his fist. That was only something I was slightly aware of, though. Most of my awareness was on that cock pushing up deep into my body!

It felt different than a dildo, I thought, but maybe that was because of the tremendous storm of sexual energy gripping my body and mind. I felt the movement of it as it pulled back, then pushed forward, pulled back and then pushed deeper, and then deeper!

It ached! And it felt soooooo good! I felt so wild! I shuddered and gurgled around the cock pumping in my mouth, and then, suddenly, it pushed forward, and I gagged briefly before it slid right down into my throat!

That yanked back my attention from what was happening down inside me really fast!

I was shocked! I had tried deep throating before, of course, and failed. But then, I had never tried it in this position, that is, with my head pulled up and back so that there was a straight line from my open mouth to my throat. His cock didn't even have to bend as he forced it deep and then deeper!

I gurgled, staring at his groin until it was pressed right up against my mouth, shocked anew by the feel of its thick warmth filling my throat! I was surprised I wasn't gagging more, but then, I'd never been nearly as aroused when I had tried it myself.

He pulled back slowly, and I fought against gagging this time, until it popped free of my throat and came out of my mouth. I coughed several times then, gasping for breath, hardly noticing Hunter grinding his hips into my buttocks.

“I knew a hot blonde like you could deep throat,” he said.

Well I hadn't known!

I was off-balanced and gulping in air, my head pounding, but I wasn't upset or anything. I wasn't ready for more, though, and pushed against his thighs as he tried to push himself into my mouth again. I mean, the first time had been a surprise. But now I felt a sudden rush of anxiety! Could I do it again!? Would I throw up!?

Hunter gripped my wrists from behind and drew them around behind me this time, pinning them with one big hand. Then I felt something else, some kind of wet fabric, going around my wrists!

I was too flustered to understand, at first, as Cody gripped my forearms to hold them so that my wrists were crossed as the fabric tightened, looping around one wrist, then the other, then pulling in tight to bind my wrists together!

Cody gripped my hair again and pulled my mouth forward, then Hunter slapped my wet bottom sharply enough to make me cry out at the sting as Cody pushed himself into my mouth again.

“You can be our little slave girl, Hannah,” he said, as he pushed himself deep into my throat.

I gurgled, eyes bulging, and gasped as I got another sharp slap to the bottom. Then my thighs were jerked wider and Hunter started to fuck me. I mean, really fuck me! Before he'd just been working his way into me and filling me up! Now he was pumping in and out, and his hands moved forward and under my chest to grasp my breasts!

Cody pushed every inch of cock into my mouth and held me pressed against him by the hair, then he dropped his other hand down to fight his brother for one of my breasts. Hunter pulled his hand off obligingly, and curled it down under my side, reaching up to find my clitoris with his long, extended fingers!

Again, I was overwhelmed, my head spinning as the two brothers used me with ruthless teamwork! My head was starting to float, probably from lack of air! Cody pulled back, and I gasped and gulped in deep lungfuls, even as his brother's hips began to slap against my bottom with more power!

My entire body was rocking to the hard thrusting it was getting, and the feel of his thick, hard hot flesh driving into my body again and again was punctuated by that hard jarring blow of his hips striking my bottom again and again!

I whimpered dazedly and gasped as my hair was jerked back, lifting my chin, opening my mouth for Cody. He pushed himself deep into my throat with a single thrust, and I gurgled, my eyes crossing, then getting glassy as my body was rocked back and forth between the two!

He pulled back out and I gulped in ragged breaths of air once more. Then he let me down onto the deck, and I groaned as my breasts pillowed out beneath me. His brother kept my hips up, my legs wide, as he thrust into me with hard, steady strokes, and the impact of his body against me was still enough to make my breasts kind of grind back and forth underneath me against the deck.

They felt even more hot and swollen, and my nipples were incredibly hard, tingling and burning as they ground against the deck!

But as my breath came back to me the most intense sensation was that of Hunter's big cock driving back and forth inside me! It was so much more incredible and thrilling and erotic and sensual and... and hot to have it moving on its own instead of me doing it, like I had to with my dildo or hairbrush!

And my entire body was rapidly starting to pulse with the most intense sexual pressure I'd ever felt in my life! My breathing was ragged as I moaned and panted and whimpered and then cried out at the wild rushes of sensation pouring over me!

I cried out as a hand gripped my hair and then yanked it up and back! It was hard enough to not only lift my head off the deck but my shoulders and torso too! It forced me up and back against him, upright on my knees with his cock buried inside my hot, churning belly!

His big hand swept around my neck, around my throat, and he released my hair as he used that grip to hold me pinned against him.

“Come for me, you hot, blonde slut!” he growled into my ear.

His hips were thrusting up into me from behind, and his other hand moved around me and down, his fingers squeezing my breast roughly, then dropping down to finger my clitoris.

That was it! That was too much, and I cried out again and again, jamming myself back against his cock, screaming wildly with every breath in my lungs!

Not that much of it got out with his hand around my throat. In fact, the explosion of sexual pleasure seemed to be trapped by the grip around my throat, or at least, it made my head pound even more, and with the orgasm tearing through me the result was... indescribable!

I felt as if I were being washed away, drifting, floating, even as a crackling sexual storm of electricity engulfed me! My hips jerked convulsively and I gurgled and gasped and sobbed as the thunderous rush of heat and energy tore through me, and then I all-but collapsed.

I could not collapse, after all, since Hunter was clutching me to his body. And even when he released my throat, letting me gulp in deep, shuddering breaths of air, his brother stepped forward once more, gathering in my hair and rubbing his

erection over my face.

He let me catch some of my breath, at least, then pushed himself into my open mouth and right down my throat again.

This time was both easier and harder. It was easier because my mind was blown and I didn't care, didn't have any concerns or anxieties. It was harder because there wasn't the same straight line from my open mouth to my throat. His cock had to kind of tilt down.

It didn't really matter, though. My glassy eyes stared at his erection as it pushed forward, until there was nothing for me to see as he buried every last inch in my mouth. I rolled my eyes upward along his body, but that was still in shadow.

I was still gripped by a deep sexual languor, my nerve endings burned out from that incredible rush of energy and sensation! And now I began to realize that I was tied up. I mean, well, of course I'd realized it as soon as it was done, but I hadn't really understood in the way that was now dawning on me.

I mean, I was tied up! My hands were tied behind my back! Like... like I was helpless! Like I was their prisoner! They could do anything to me! I felt a wild dark scary sense of thrilled excitement as I understood being tied up now, on my knees, sucking a guy's cock!

They whispered to each other, and then Cody pulled out of me and shortly afterward so did Hunter. They both stood up, and half dragged me to my feet. I stumbled, gulping and gasping dazedly as they took me indoors.

I wasn't really thinking much, still too shell-shocked by the intensity of that orgasm and the shock of all that had happened. They took me to their room, and then I realized that one of them was untying what turned out to be the belt to Claire's robe from my wrists.

My head was pounding less, and I was slowly starting to gain some kind of equilibrium as they pushed me into the bed, but I wasn't quite up to resisting or complaining as they put me on my back in the center of the big double bed.

Then the two brothers drew my wrists up to the corner posts, and tied them there with some kind of soft black rope as I sort of cocked my head up and stared in confusion and uncertainty. They spread my legs and then started to do the same

before I could actually pull my head together enough to protest.

“Wh-what are you doooooing?” I moaned, trying to jerk a leg back.

They ignored me, tightening their grip on my ankles until I was spreadeagled, and my ankles tied in place.

Then one of them – God knows which, gave me a sort of feral look as he climbed into the bed and knelt between my spread legs.

I gulped, my heart starting to beat faster again as he dropped low over me, taking my right breast into his mouth, sucking and licking at my nipple. He licked his way down between my legs, and then started licking me there as I moaned helplessly. And I was helpless! I was tied up again! Helpless! Like their prisoner!

The other one knelt at my head, literally, above my head, and tilted my head back. I rolled my eyes up along his body, and then his cock pushed into my mouth and slid right down my throat!

I gurgled, eyes bulging, staring out at the headboard behind me as he grind his hips against me, then slowly pulled back and pulled his cock free!

I coughed and gasped and gulped in air, and he did it again.

I thought I was getting better at it, though!

I felt his brother thrusting a finger into me, then two, as he sucked on my clitoris, and then he climbed up as the guy above me moved away. I groaned as he settled atop me, and his cock pushed into my body.

“Hot slut,” he growled, his face a foot above me.

I wanted to deny it, but it was kind of hard, especially since the feel of his cock sliding into my body sent another wave of heat through my mind.

Was he the one who had already fucked me? Or the other one? I had no idea! Did it matter? Probably not.

He pushed himself deep and started to thrust in and out as he kissed me hard, his

hand in my hair. I moaned into his mouth, drifting again, feeling this wild, strange, thrilled sense of being out of control, but liking it. There was nothing for me to think about or decide or do. All I had to do was lay there and experience it!

I began to gasp at each thrust, the wild thrill of sexual pleasure and energy rising faster and faster inside me. He dropped his heavy body down atop me and I shuddered as he gripped my hair, yanked it back and kissed me roughly.

His hips ground against me then lifted and fell in smooth, determined strokes, then ground against me again, before lifting and thrusting again. And again!

I moaned dazedly, my body starting to burn with sexual fever again, at the feel of him inside me, at his powerful body atop me, his skin against mine, his lips against mine! And I was helpless! Tied down! Naked! Their prisoner!

And then I felt that floating feeling again, like I didn't have to worry, or think, about anything. I could just... float, and bask in the hot, burning glow of the sexual bonfire he was building inside me!

He stopped and then pulled up, climbing off, and his brother took over! He drove himself into me, then, and I felt another jolt, a wild thrill of alarm mixed with outraged heat! God! God! God!

He settled his body atop me, kissing me, grinding against me, pumping into me, and the surge of heat rose even higher until it spilled over. I cried out, straining against the ropes binding me, arching my back as I sobbed at the overwhelming rush of pleasure tearing through me!

My body shook and burned as he pumped harder and harder, and I felt as if my very skin was catching fire!

I went limp, panting for breath, and he pulled off, only to have his brother take his place. He thrust into me with slower strokes, pulling my head back, kissing me more gently, his other hand running over my body, kneading my breasts.

But I didn't feel the same sort of exhausted languor as I had from the first orgasm. Instead I still felt this suffocating heat and as if I was still charged with sexual electricity! And as he thrust into me it built up again, more and more powerful!

He got off and the other one climbed atop me, thrusting himself in, pumping hard. Another orgasm washed over me and I started to scream at the rush of energy, but his hand clamped over my mouth as he drove himself into me with hard, fast, short strokes.

His thrusts got faster and harder, and then his face pulled back in a snarl of pleasure as he gasped and cursed repeatedly.

He slid off me, panting, and his brother took over.

I groaned as I was filled again, as he kissed me roughly, his hips thrusting in and out. I heard them speak in low voices to each other, but my mind was too unfocused to care what they were really saying.

The heat was still upon me, and the brother using me rolled his hips and thrust in and out, ground himself against me, and pumped in hard and deep until I had yet another orgasm.

“Responsive little slut.”

I understood that one, and moaned weakly, uneasily. Would they tell people I was a slut?

He came and then he rolled off me too. The other one stepped forward with something in his hand. It looked like a sort of dildo. I mean, it was curved a little and it was shaped like a big, thick dildo, complete with balls.

I moaned as he penetrated me, sliding it deep inside me, filling me up so that I ached deliciously. Then I realized there was something else at the base besides the balls. It had a sort of branch which curved up and pressed against the top of my sex.

And it buzzed strongly.

The other one leaned over me, sucking and licking at my breasts, then kissing and sucking on my skin as his lips moved up along my shoulder and in against the nape of my neck. The other one was grinding the dildo around inside me, pumping it very little, just using the last inch or so, and grinding it so that the thing in the bottom, the little branch, would grind against my clitoris.

It was buzzing powerfully, vibrating. I hadn't tried a vibrator yet. I had intended to, but the thing was that I had been wary of having too many of the things in case someone found them.

The one sucking on the nape of my neck pulled up and back, getting out of bed and moving away, letting me focus on the one kneeling between my legs.

I stared at him with fascination. Just as I had never actually been completely naked in bright light around a guy before, they had never been completely naked in bright light around me. And now there he was kneeling right in front of me, gorgeous and naked!

I stared at his flaccid cock, and ran my eyes up his firm abdomen and belly to his strongly muscled chest, and felt another rush of excitement and hunger. Then I felt the pulsing heat growing between my legs and groaned, staring down at what his fingers were doing.

Pumping and grinding the thing inside me.

“What are you doooooing?” I moaned.

“Turning you into our sex slave,” he said with a grin.

The words made me shudder in dark pleasure. What a wicked, kinky idea! I moaned, my hips pushing up against the vibrator thing as the nerve endings in my clitoris began to resonate with the vibrations.

I let my wrists pull against the ropes, my ankles against the other ropes, reminding myself that I was helpless, that I was tied down, that I couldn't resist anything! I felt this wild sense of thrilled... masochism, maybe? I felt like a martyr, and let my mind sweep into fantasy of the beautiful blonde girl taken prisoner by cruel, evil men who wanted to do unspeakable things to her body!

The other brother returned, sitting next to me, and tilted a bottle so that a stream of hot liquid, like honey, poured onto my chest. I gasped at the heat, but it wasn't that hot. And when his hand spread it over my chest it felt wonderfully slick and oily, but not sticky.

His hand spread the oil over my chest, along my ribs, and down my belly, rubbing and caressing me as the other one used the sex toy thing on me. He ran

his oily hands up and down my thighs and down around my ankles and over my feet, then up my legs again.

The the one between my legs pulled the vibrator thing out, leaving me feeling oddly empty. The second brother poured more of that warm oil and spread it over my sex, then pushed a finger inside me, then a second, then a third.

His fingers were big, and they were thick and warm, and there was a strange emotional difference between having them inside me and having the plastic sex toy inside me. His fingers were also very slippery, so that the tactile feel of them moving inside me was incredibly erotic!

“Oh! Oh, please!” I moaned as he tried to work a fourth finger inside me!

The other one leaned over my head, gripping my hair and jerking it back sharply as he licked up along the underside of my throat. Then he brought his face in close to mine.

“Say please master,” he growled.

I moaned and whimpered, the entrance to my sex aching as it tried to stretch wider and wider!

“Oh! Ungh!” I moaned, straining against the ropes.

“Say please master, sex slave,” he ordered.

That 'say please master' thing was something they had, of course, said many times before in joking, a pretty obvious play on their name. But it took on a whole new wild dark meaning to say it now!

“Please, Master!” I moaned.

“Say please make me come master,” he ordered.

“P-Please make me come, Master!” I whimpered.

This was so kinky and hot and thrilling!

“Say please make your sex slave come master,” he ordered.

I moaned helplessly as his brother managed to get the fourth finger into me. It ached, but the throbbing heat was sucked into the wild rush of sensation spreading through my mind and body!

“Say it, slave girl.”

“Please make your sex slave come, Master!” I groaned.

God! His fingers felt so high inside me! And then his thumb began to press down against my clitoris, grinding it down into the fingers he pressed up! My hips twisted and bucked against him and I cried out as the other one bent to suck and chew on the center of one of my breasts, his other hand kneading the second one.

And another orgasm tore through me!

I thought I was going out of my mind, to be honest! How could you have this many orgasms together!?

When I went limp, except for my heaving chest, he slid his fingers out of me and put that dildo with the vibrator thing back inside me. Then his brother straddled me, sitting down on my, well, abdomen, I guess, and hips, and he grinned down at me as he held something in his hand.

It was a ... candle.

I had no idea what the point of that was since it was bright enough in the room to see by. Shows what I knew about the perverted ideas guys had.

“So, slave girl,” he purred. What should we do to you next?”

“Whatever we want to,” his brother said, sitting down next to me on the bed and reaching his hand out to fondle one of my breasts.

“She belongs to us, after all. She's our sex slave. So we own her.”

I looked nervously up at the candle now as it moved back and forth above me. My mind was starting to fit itself back together and I remembered that candles sometimes... dripped.

“I-I'm not your sex slave,” I gulped.

Though to be honest, just saying those words – sex slave – gave me a weird sort of feeling.

“Our sex slave is being disobedient,” the guy straddling me said. “I guess we'll have to torture her.”

He tilted the candle and I squealed and twisted and pulled against the ropes around my wrists and ankles as hot wax dripped down around my breast! Right around my nipple!

“Oww! Oh! Don't! It's hot!” I cried.

“Sex slaves don't get an opinion,” the guy sitting next to me said.

The wax droplets burned! But... the burning faded to a dull heated ache after the first few seconds.

“If you're a bad girl we'll have to punish you,” the one sitting on me said.

“And a slave girl who says she's not a slave girl is being a bad slave girl,” the other one added.

He gripped my hair and tilted my head up and to the right, then leaned in and pushed his cock into my open mouth. I moaned around it as he pumped it in and out, gurgling as he pushed the head almost into my throat, but not quite.

“Suck my cock, slave,” he ordered.

I sucked his cock, hoping he wouldn't shove it down my throat, moaning and gasping as he pumped it in and out.

He pulled out and rubbed himself over my face.

“Do you like my cock, slave girl?”

I did, but I wasn't sure I wanted to tell him that, arrogant bastard!

He slapped his wet cock against my face and I gasped.

“Tell me you love my cock, slave girl,” he growled.

He shoved it into my mouth again so I couldn't say anything, and then pushed it slowly deeper until the head was forced into my throat. He leaned in further and further, shoving inch after inch through until my lips were wrapped helplessly around the base of his long shaft. He held himself there for long seconds, then slid slowly up... and up... and up... and finally out.

I coughed and gasped for breath as he rubbed his cock along my lips.

“Tell me you love my cock, slave girl,” he said again.

I ignored him, just gulping in air, and then cried out as the other brother dribbled more hot wax across my other breast. I squealed and twisted and arched and pulled against the ropes, but to no avail!

“Don't! Oh! Oh! Ow! Ow!”

“Say please,” he said.

“Please!” I cried.

“Say please master,” he said, then moved to drip more down along my belly.

“Please, master!” I cried.

He pulled the candle back and the other one pushed the head of his cock into my mouth, then pulled it out again.

“Tell me you love my cock, slave girl.”

“I-I love your cock!” I gulped.

He slapped it against my face again.

“Say master.”

This was so stupid! But kinky and so... kind of hot in a stupid sort of way!

“Master!”

He pushed himself into my mouth and deep into my throat again, holding himself with his groin right up against my lips for long seconds before pulling it back out. The other brother, meanwhile, had reached back with one hand and was idly grinding the vibrator/dildo thing against me, which was making my lower body start to thrum.

He pulled his cock out of my mouth and I coughed and gasped, starting to feel light-headed again from the way he kept blocking my breathing with his shaft.

“Tell me you love my cock sex slave.”

“I love your cock, Master!” I gasped breathlessly.

“Beg me to fuck you, slave girl,” he growled.

The thought which instantly occurred to me was that I would rather have had his cock inside my belly than my throat.

“Please fuck me, master!” I gulped.

“Say please fuck your sex slave master,” he said with a grin.

I flushed, feeling a weird, swirly sense of breathless excitement at how nasty this was.

“Please fuck your sex slave, master!” I moaned.

My hips were starting to grind against the dildo/vibrator thing anyway, and I was feeling, despite the fact I ached down there, like I wanted him inside me again!

“What about me, sex slave?” the other one said.

He tilted the candle and let hot wax drip down over my breasts and I squealed again, twisting and yelping.

“Please, master!” I cried.

“Tell me you love my cock.”

“I love your cock, Master!” I gulped.

“Beg me to fuck you.”

“Please fuck me, Master!”

He moved back, and then the other one leaned to the side, and it looked like he was untying my ankle. Yes, they both untied both my ankles! But then they lifted my ankles up and back – and back more!

One of them – I had no idea who was who by now and it didn't really matter, I suppose – jammed my ankles back so far that my lower body lifted off the bed. It was the one who had been sitting on me. And now he slid his body forward atop me, with my legs forced back against my chest and shoulders.

He slid forward until his cock was over my mouth, and pushed it in.

The other one poured some sort of cream or liquid or jell onto a small plastic thing I didn't recognize. It looked sort of like a pacifier, except the pacifier was way bigger than the little base it was stuck on. I had no idea what he was doing. I could barely see him out of my peripheral vision as the one straddling me pushed his cock deeper into my mouth.

And then I felt the cool liquid touch of the thing against my ass!

My eyes went wide and I tried to say no, but it was hard to talk with my mouth full, and the one straddling me was pushing deeper as I felt the thing twisting and pushing and slowly sinking through the wrinkled opening to my ass.

I moaned a complaint, then gurgled as his cock entered my throat, unable to do more as he leaned into me, gripping my ankles and literally forcing them down over my shoulders and in behind my head!

That tilted my head forward and he started to fuck his cock slowly in and out of my mouth and throat! The other brother pulled that... thing slowly up out of my bottom, and then pushed it back in again!

I was gasping and coughing when the cock slid out of my throat again. And, thankfully, the brother atop me slid backward until he was off my squashed, bent body, and kneeling below my bottom. The other brother moved to take my ankles and hold them in place with one big hand, while that one pulled the vibrator/dildo thing out of my body and slid his own thick cock inside me!

I whimpered dazedly, still gulping in air, eyes slitted, as he started to use me, pumping in and out slowly at first, working his way all the way in. Then he started to thrust harder. He let his body down atop me, taking my ankles from the other guy, crushing me under his solid muscle and flesh as his hips rose faster and higher and came slamming down with enough force to crush me!

It was so overwhelming. It was like there was nothing in the world but him atop me, filling my sight, crushing my body and moving inside it. I felt the strange, wild, almost feverish heat spreading through my body as he pounded relentlessly down on me, gasping and moaning and crying out as his big cock speared deep into my belly again and again!

And again, came that sense of, well, submission. There was nothing for me to do or say. All I could do was lay there and absorb the sensations sweeping through me. I felt my mind swimming in a torrid flood of liquid heat, and felt that flood growing deeper and more powerful.

It filled me, and I gave myself to it, tumbling end over end in the rushing river of sensations, lost and uncaring, dazed and reveling in the wild, crackling sexual excitement until another orgasm tore through me and took what was left of my breath away.

I groaned as he let me stretch out again, panting for breath, chest rising and falling rapidly, hardly aware of what they were doing as he untied my wrists. I groaned as he/they rolled me onto my belly, then drew my arms back behind me and tied my wrists together, crossed.

He rolled me over once again and spread my legs, then started to lick me, his fingers and thumbs spreading the lips of my sex.

God! They were relentless!

He and his brother took turns licking and sucking my clitoris, fingering me, and pumping the vibrator/dildo thing inside me, especially grinding the vibrator over my clitoris. Then he slid into me again, filling me.

And rolled over, with me atop.

The other brother got on the bed behind me, and I felt his fingers at that... well, it was a butt-plug, but I didn't realize what it was called then. I felt it pulled out,

then pressed in, then pulled out again. The next thing I felt pressing against me was him! I shuddered as I felt his thick cock sliding into my ass, and felt a wild pulse of energy and shock as I understood what he was doing.

What they were doing!

I already had his brother's cock inside me! For a moment I thought that this was impossible. I mean, you only had sex with one guy at a time, right! Of course, I knew that was wrong. God knows I'd heard enough about porn films and such. But having two guys inside you at once was the sort of thing that only happened in those kinds of movies, to porn actresses!

And total sluts!

I wriggled around but clearly there was nothing I could do, and the feel of him pushing deeper and deeper was strangely free of pain. The other one was kind of grinding himself against me from underneath, and even using his hips to pump up and down.

I felt overwhelmed again, lost, bewildered, yet also gripped by a wild, fierce sense of sexual heat and hunger! I had no control over anything, and was bouncing along on a raft on a white-water ride just hoping I didn't drown!

“Oh! Oh! Wait!” I gasped. “It's too big!”

“You can take it, slave girl,” one of them said.

“Sex slave,” the other one added.

It felt so weird to have two cocks inside my belly like that! The sensation as they moved independently inside me was indescribable! I felt my hair pulled, forcing my head up and back sharply enough to raise my shoulders off of the brother beneath me, and then that brother put his hand on my lower throat, pushing up, which made it harder to breath, though most of the force of his push was on my collar bone on either side of my neck.

But the two bowed my body up and back as they started thrusting in and out, and I again felt myself swept along uncontrollably, their pawn, their plaything, their toy, their... sex slave, as they drove their hips into me steadily, their cocks churning my insides to a burning froth!

I thought I was losing my sanity! I was crying out again and again with every breath, though the hand against my neck closed a little tighter to turn my cries into gasps and gurgling croaks.

“You're our sex slave, Hanna!” one of them said.

“And we'll torture you whenever you disobey!” the other one said.

“And fuck your brains out every day and night!”

“And spank you when you're a bad girl!”

Another orgasm tore through me, battering me virtually senseless as my body thrashed and trembled in the throes of a massive release of energy, and I gave myself to it, drowning in pleasure!

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Needless to say, I got very little sleep that night. I felt battered and bruised, both physically and emotionally. I couldn't show it, though. I had to act normal and perky the next day so Claire and her parents didn't suspect anything.

It was hard to act normal, though. I mean, I'd just gone through the most incredible, massive sexual experience in my life by far! I felt shell-shocked. And as sore as I was I felt this dark, twisted craving for more! It was like I had been fed a drug that gave me an incredible burst of pleasure – and I wanted more!

I worried about what they might say to other people, though. I mean, would they say I was easy and a slut? Would they do anything to reveal what had happened in front of Claire? She might be a little uptight but she was certainly not stupid.

Just sort of, uh, rules oriented.

That had been such an incredible, freaking wild rush of... of sex! It had been like drowning in sex! I'd never even imagined anything like it before!

Talk about a wild way to lose my virginity!

I should have felt guiltier, but oddly, I was reassured by the fact I had said no, and they had tied me up, and so I had put up the necessary 'good girl' refusal, and

was sort of, well, not entirely, but kind of absolved of guilt.

I even tried to work up some indignation at what they'd done, but it was hard, because every time the memories played in my head I felt my nipples hardening and my lower belly tightening.

So many firsts! So that was what it was like to be fucked! So that was what it was like to deep throat a cock! So that was what it was like to have a cock in my ass! It was so sordid, so kinky and perverted! But again, I felt absolved of the guilt. I hadn't had any choice, really, well, unless I had actually fought hard or screamed or something.

I sat down at the kitchen table, since Claire's parents insisted everyone eat together. I did my best not to even see Cody or Hunter! But I still flushed.

Cody – or was it Hunter – had given me that butt-plug thing, had pushed it into my ass again, in fact, and had ordered me to wear it all day, so that my 'tight ass' would be ready for his cock any time he wanted it. And if he caught me not wearing it he was going to spank me – hard!

I was a little nervous about that, because I was pretty sure he meant it, and so, I had gotten dressed in the bathroom and worked the thing into my ass before pulling on my shorts. It was inside me even now as I sat at the table, reminding me of how wild and kinky last night was and... that it wasn't finished!

What would they want to do today!?

Just thinking about it made me quiver and made my insides all trembly!

“We're going to go and visit the reptile zoo this afternoon, Hannah?” Mrs. Masters said. “Would you like to come?”

“Uh, ick,” I said.

“You don't like snakes?” one of the boys asked with a smirk.

“Big long snakes?” the other one asked.

I flushed.

“And crocodiles and geckos and lizards and tortoises and other things,” Mrs. Masters said.

“No thanks!” I said hurriedly.

Claire giggled. “Hannah gets freaked out about snakes,” she said.

“Well, who doesn't!”

“I've always found them fascinating,” Mrs. Masters said.

“I'll just stay here and enjoy the pool,” I said.

“Well, that's fine. Mr. Masters is staying here too. He's got some work to do.”

I glanced at him, and felt this strange sort of breathless sensation as I caught him looking to one side at the boys, and the way they looked back. Surely he didn't know! Surely he hadn't found out somehow! No, of course not! We'd all be in such trouble if that had happened!

I wondered what the punishment would be.

End

**Hannah's Adventures continue in: Hannah and Mr. Masters**

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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*Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus*

### **Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)**

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

### **Working For the Smiths**

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

### **Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)**

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

### **The Nerd Girls**

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

### **Owned by My Best Friend's Family!**

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

### **Zoe's New Boss**

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

### **In The Vampire's Lair**

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

### **Nigger's Girl**

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

## **The Temporary Harem Girl**

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

## **Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur**

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

## **Owned by Mister Trask**

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

## **Bound Beauty**

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

## **The Mirror Box**

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them